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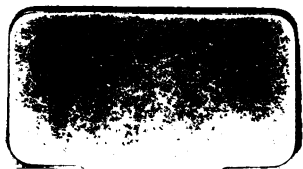
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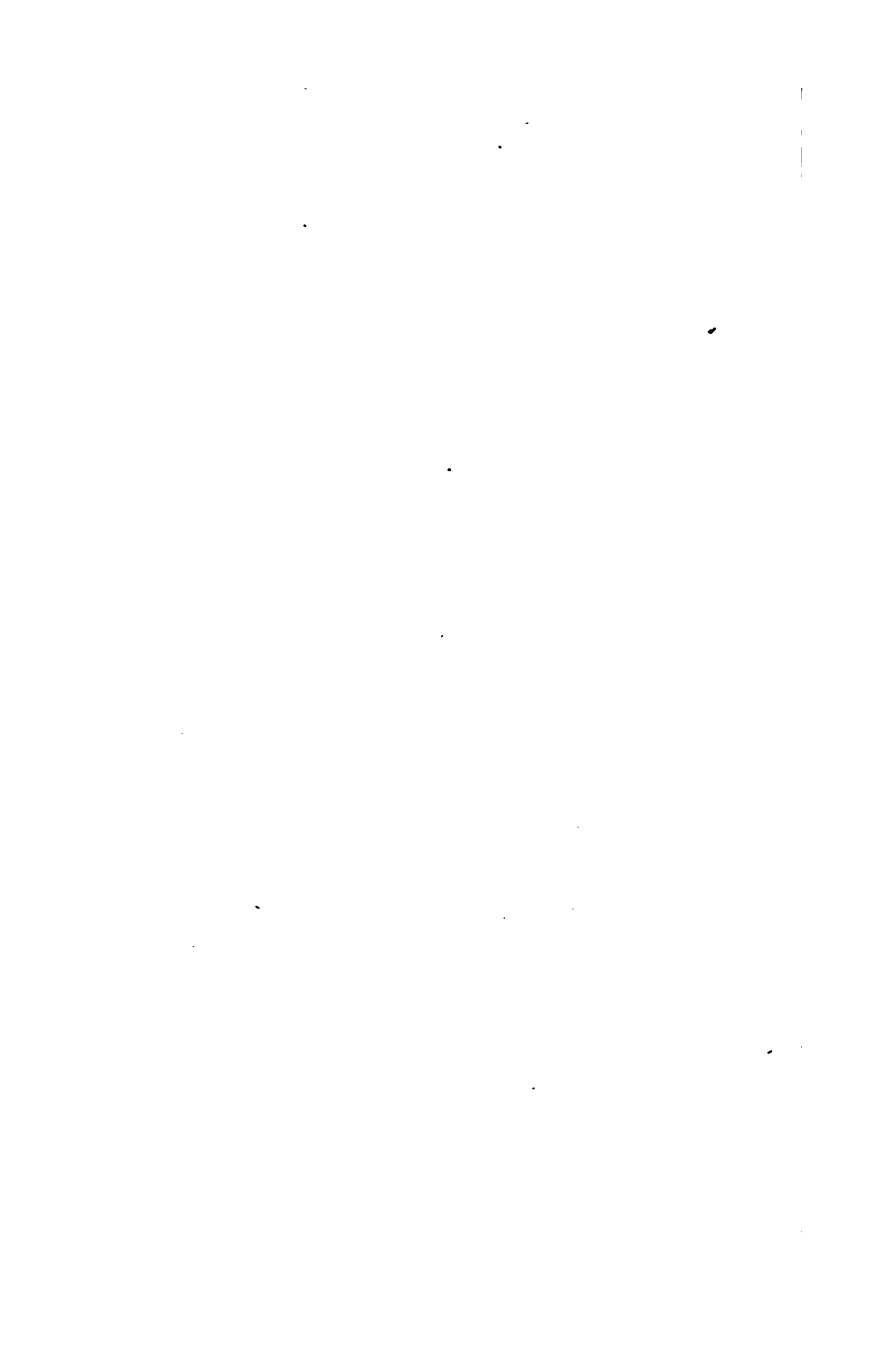
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N O P O P E R Y.

STANZAS,

IN TWO CANTOS.

EDITED BY

V E R A X.

LONDON :

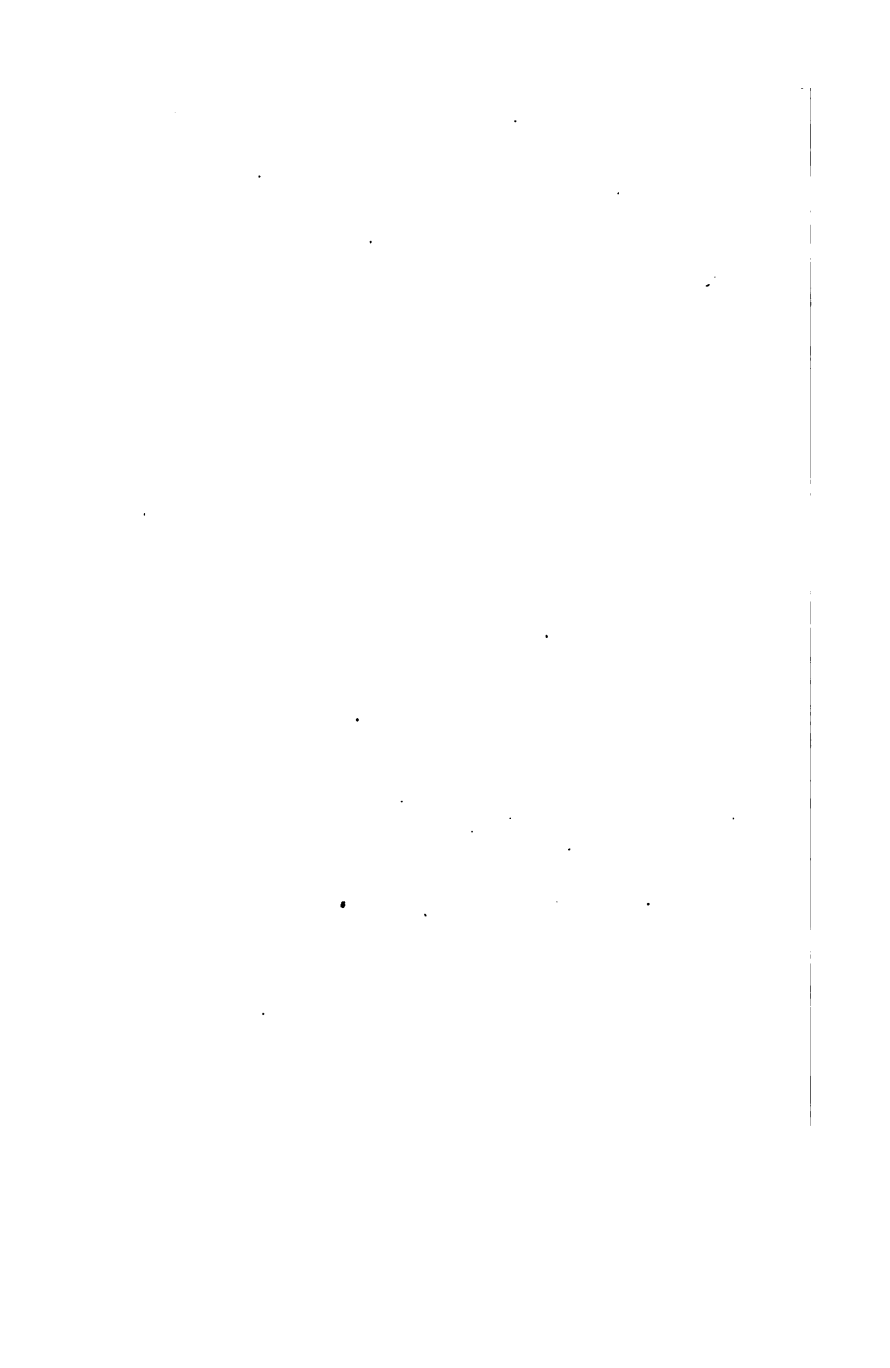
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P R E F A C E.

It is not necessary to relate in what manner the following lines came into the possession of the editor. The author has long been in that position in which the love of fame cannot affect him, nor the desire of reward influence him. He did not wish the verses to be published in the usual way. They are given to the public in the hope that their publication may be useful. He has long been thoroughly convinced that Popery, in all its general bearings, is the enemy to the religion, happiness, and freedom of mankind ; and that it ought to be opposed to the utmost, in every manner consistent with the peace of society.

That Popery, as a system, is destructive of intel-

lectual and civil liberty, is a truth which both the past history of the world, and its present condition, completely demonstrate. In whatever country we trace its footsteps, we invariably find ignorance, oppression, and misrule, every way predominant. It wages an incessant war with all that is noble, patriotic, and progressive in human nature ; and creates and fosters a spirit of mental prostration, and religious intolerance. The system is ubiquitous ; it is every way present. It stands at every moment of time between a man and his own thoughts ; and is always in a position to catch the faintest aspirations after political or social changes, no matter how urgently called for and beneficial in their tendency. Popery, to secure the fulfilment of its unhallowed purposes, has established a regularly concentrated system of espionage and intrigue—the prolific source of innumerable crimes and falsehoods, both among states and individuals. It is a terror to princes, as well as to the people.

These opinions the author of these stanzas entertains. They have not been adopted from second-hand sources, but are the result of most profound and

comprehensive investigations into the ecclesiastical laws of the Church of Rome, from the earliest times to the present day ; and from a careful examination of these laws with the purely civil and political institutions of every country in Europe. His conclusions on the character of the Papacy are, therefore, fair and logical deductions from a vast host of historical facts and sound arguments, and are not the mere result of superficial and narrow views, or interested and bigoted prejudices. His firm conviction is, that the world will never know peace till God, in his providence, shall deal with Popery, as he dealt with the ancient heathens,—He withdrew the people from the priests and the priests from the temples.

The editor was well acquainted with the author of these stanzas ; and it is necessary to add that the author always believed,—and the two Cantos now published are written on the hypothesis,—that Popery will perish by the gradual alienation of its people from the follies, superstitions, and errors which its Priests, like the Priests of heathen Rome, will endeavour to

retain, till God's time come, when their power shall be at an end.

The reader is requested to excuse some repetitions of sentiment and metaphors in the following stanzas. They were, in some measure, unavoidable, from the nature of the subject, and from the attempt to describe the effect of the oaths to uphold the Papal supremacy upon the various classes of its dupes—the Pontiffs, the Priests, and the Laity.

VERAX.

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STANZA

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-

N O P O P E R Y.

STANZAS IN TWO CANTOS.

NO POPERY!

I.

No Popery! no Popery! The phrase
Is one of grief and bitter indignation.
I am no Poet. Since my schoolboy days,
Attentive to the duties of my station,
I have not ventured to assume the bays,
Nor cultivate my young imagination:
But now, I deem, observant of the time,
Writing a duty, longer silence—crime.

II.

No Popery! Our fathers were not slaves,
Nor fools, nor bigots, when that rallying cry
Rang thro' the Isle, where'er the ocean laves
Its rocks, and shores; till Stuart standards fly
No more on British cliffs, or lands, or waves;
Or flout on London's towers and walls, the sky;
Down to the earth, by truth and freedom lowered—
Rome, falsehood, France, and tyranny, o'erpowered.

III.

No Popery! How long must we endure
This torturing, maddening, ulcerous, eating sore?
Is there no hope, no remedy, no cure—
No Church or State physician to restore
Health to the poisoned Senate, and secure
Peace to the vexed and troubled realm once more?
None, e'en the plague thro' the whole camp has spread,
To stand between the living and the dead?

IV.

Is there no statesman in the royal gate
To mark Rome's stealthy pace, and ceaseless growth?
No priest, no prophet left, to tell the hate
It bears the unpopal throne, and regal oath,
That saves the realm from Europe's commoner fate
Of slaves and despot—framed by patriots, loath,
For ever loath, to stern and painful laws,
And sworn to truth's and freedom's sacred cause.

V.

No! the "whole head is sick; the whole heart faint;"
The sore, the wound, the putrifying bruise,
Infects the pale, foul framework with its taint
From crown to foot; till head and heart refuse,
In chill despair, to hear the just complaint
Of the still constant "remnant," who refuse
Truth, principle, and Scripture, to resign,
In hope of peace at Rome's intolerant shrine.

VI.

Peace, peace ! no peace with Rome, till Rome withdraw
The claim to wave its sceptre o'er mankind :
To substitute its falsehoods for God's law ;
To deepen the thick darkness of the blind ;
With curses, chains, and dungeons to o'erawe
Truth, faith, and hope, and freedom ; and to bind
In their old links of darkness, death, and night
The nations, panting for the life, and light.

VII.

No peace with Rome, till Rome itself shall cease
The war with England's church, and England's throne ;
Its vassal priesthood from their vows release,
Its false supremacy o'er kings disown ;
Resign its claims to govern—sue for peace
With Senate, Prince, and People ; and atone
By change of laws, thro' all its following time,
For seas of blood, and centuries of crime.

VIII.

Concede, give, grant, conciliate, and comply
With every whining insult, every prayer,
With every noisy threat, and clamorous cry
For influence, power, dominion ; or prepare
For war with priests, resolved to rule or die ;
And every danger, for their claims, to dare.
With such vain words our traitor patriots schooled us,
Our friends forsook us, and the Romists fooled us.

IX.

Then to new life the frozen viper sprang,
Then the "scotched snake" recovered from its wound;
Then shouts of joy thro' Papal Europe rang,
While Jesuit hopes prolong th' ill-omened sound.
The thoughtless liberal his peans sang,—
The senate's portals crumbled to the ground.
The troop-filled monster climbs Troy's broken fane,
And wisdom and experience wept in vain.

X.

It was not Thou, the avowed and open foe!
By thy strong hand the fortress was not taken.
The nation's virtues wrought the nation's woe,
When faith in oaths, and piety mistaken,
And Christian candour anxious to bestow
The boon—had hope that jealousies forsaken,
Religious hate, and ancient feuds might end,
And Papistry itself be made our friend.

XI.

"Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!"
Hark! How the thunders of the Vatican
Roll their long dormant echoes, in reply
To every generous hope, and dream, and plan
Of rest, beneath its treacherous sorcery.
"Britain is ours! Beneath our holy ban
"We place it, and divide it, and demand
"For Rome, allegiance from the conquered land.

XII.

“ All shall be mine. I rule, I govern all.
“ Church, State, Realm, Conscience, Bible, Senate, Throne.—
“ Queen, Prince, Peer, People, at my feet, shall fall !
“ God—God has granted to my hand alone
“ To wield the sceptre of the Earth ; and call
“ On the whole race of man, my power to own.
“ Nor shall yon vain, proud Island of the West,
“ Till it bow down to me, know peace or rest.”

XIII.

Oh ! when the land of stripes and stars resign
Its blood won freedom to its ancient yoke ;
When Britain's Queen declare her right divine
The contract and the treaty to revoke ;
And free Columbia prostrate sword and shrine
Beneath the shadow of the once-loved oak,—
When stars and stripes their destiny betray,
And haste with willing madness to decay—

XIV.

Then, not till then, nor even then, shall we
Resign a nobler liberty to Rome ;
Cease to be watchful, Protestant, and free,
Then only place God's truth, God's Church, God's tome,
Beneath thy feet, and serve and honour thee,
The one chief antichrist in Peter's dome.
By Florence dungeon, and by Naples prison,
We swear, by Christ himself, born, dead, and risen.

XV.

And oh ! do Thou, dear Saviour, aid us—keep
Thy Church with thy perpetual mercy ! Dwell
Among the shepherds of thy chosen sheep ;
Guard Thou the guardians of thy citadel !
Bless with thy spirit, all who sow and reap
Within thy field, thy Church ! Its foes dispel—
And with thy most especial blessing, bless
Thy word's best friend, the pure, the Christian press.

XVI.

Oh, demigod of England ! Fourth estate
That rules us ! Master of our masters ! How
Shall I, Free Press, thy strength, thy power relate—
To thee with struggling heart, and anxious brow,
With smiles, or tears, all ranks—the rich, the great,
The peer, the noble, the ignoble bow ;
Tree of the knowledge of both good and evil—
The world's best angel, or the world's worst devil.

XVII.

How shall I name thee ? “ All that I admire,
“ All that I love, and all that I abhor ”
Meet in thy mingled pages. Thou art higher
Than mob or despot, King or Emperor—
And all except the Bible and the Spire ;
Therefore I pray thee, conquering conqueror
Of minds, and hearts, and souls, bless—Saviour, bless,
Guide, guard, make pure, the free, the self-framed Press.

XVIII.

Join to its freedom, christian faith ! Dispense
Thy gifts, Great Spirit, on the public page.—
Make it the patriot's wise and sure defence
Against the vices of an erring age :
Blend with its columns that best eloquence,
That charms the good, and animates the sage.
Save it from wilfully distorted reason,
The Deist's folly, and the Romist's treason.

XIX.

No Popery ! Fulfil thy sacred mission,
Till senate, church, crown, people, all are one,
In stern resistance to Rome's fond ambition
To rule the Press, the Bible, and the Throne.
Proclaim, no peace with Rome ! no base submission—
No compact, league, with unchanged Rome be known ;
So may the friends of truth and freedom guard thee,
And homage, praise, respect, and wealth, reward thee.

XX.

What title bears the Queen to Britain's crown
But this—a Protestant people gave it her,
Upon condition that she never own
The foreign priest—however he may rave at her,
Or rave against her people ; but disown
Him, and the base alliance he would crave at her
Own hands, or at the nation's—but disdain,
His smiles as treacherous, and his threats as vain ?

XXI.

Oh ! that my eyes were waters, and my head
A fount of tears, both day and night to weep
O'er Oxford's once-loved, honoured sons, who led
Their listeners to the verge of Rome, the deep
Great gulf, that parts the living from the dead—
Rome's ravening wolves, from England's pastured sheep—
The truth from falsehood, Heaven from Hell, the light
Of God's own word from mediæval night !

XXII.

Oh ! for a prophet's Heaven-taught power, to tell
The mingled sorrow, the surprise, the shame,
When Oxford's learned standard-bearers fell,
And gave to Rome their strength, pen, tongue, and fame ;
When Newman, Manning, Dodsworth, broke the spell
Of general trust in Oxford—when the name
Was stained of him, the Slave Trade's reverend hater,
By his own son, that paid, false, worthless traitor.

XXIII.

If modest women wear a harlot's vest,
Themselves are deemed as harlots. Tapers, flowers,
Bowings and crossings, churches gaily drest
With blue, gold, scarlet, words, of which no powers
Of gaping, gazing peasants ever guessed
The meaning—these, with other nonsense, sours
The thoughtful people ; till they spurn the mummery
As popish trickery, and popish flummery.

XXIV.

Why should this be? Why alienate the peasant,
The poor and simple, from the holy shrine
Of England's church? or why pollute the present
By follies past? Why mingle the divine,
The scriptural prayer, the Gospel loved, and "pleasant,"
And certain, with the doubtful good, entwine.
Till dread prevail, lest England's self become,
The sister harlot of the whore of Rome?

XXV.

It must not, may not, shall not be! The people
Taught by their much-loved Church, will never change
Their Prayer book and their Bible, for the steeple
Of Rome or of Geneva—never change
From their reformed, and fathers' faith, nor reap ill,
From "arguments blasphemous," new, and strange.
Alike they scorn the masters and the learners,
The Bible haters, and the Bible burners.

XXVI.

Some few have left us; some few still may leave us:
But God's own word, like God's Infinity,
Remains unchanged: and nothing shall bereave us
Of that best gift, from God's Divinity;
Till all apostacy shall cease to grieve us.
Oh! Holy, blest, and glorious Trinity,
Save thou this Church from Popery! Hear our prayer,
And for mankind's sake, make our realm thy care.

XXVII.

No Popery ! Three several curses meet
 In that one word, to afflict and vex mankind ;
 Perversions of three blessings, all replete
 With man's best happiness, when all combined.
Religion, Government, and Freedom—sweet
 Companions, counsellors, and friends—enshrined
 In all men's prayers, that they with all abide
 United ; and o'er states, hearts, homes, preside.

XXVIII.

The first curse is the so-called creed of Trent,
 The foe to truth, to progress, and enquiry ;
 To truth's stern law, to every government,
 The foe, except the papal Friary.
 The next two curses all the good lament,
 Are these,—the priesthood's practise, and the fiery
 And ill-concealed old hatreds : these—the mercies
 Change, of Christ's love, to miseries, crimes, and curses.

XXIX.

And here, my God ! to thee I make appeal,
 That not in causeless enmity to Rome,
 My homely language, and my just, just zeal
 Are thus obtruded. For the common home
 Of man, the Christian church, and for its weal
 I speak—from which the apostate bids us roam.
 I pray for Rome that Satan may desert it,
 And thine own spirit, change, reform, convert it.

XXX.

Make Rome again, what once thy servant named it,
The spoken of with praise, thro' all the earth !
Make Rome what once thy Holy Spirit framed it !
Scatter its errors ! Give it that new birth
To Thee, that all may know Thou hast reclaimed it
To be again thine own ! Restore its worth,
Its ancient faith, its ancient purity ;
Bring back thy wandering, once-loved child to thee.

XXXI.

This is our only hope. Before the fire
Descends upon the towers of Babylon,
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake ? Inspire
Thy Church, thy sons, thy servants to put on
Their armour and to fight with holy ire
Of love, truth, reason—till their victory won,
Rome's hopes of conquering mankind be blighted,
And God, man, church, and scripture be united.

XXXII.

This Union, this, the Holy Saviour prayed for ;
This Union, this, the Holy Saviour died for ;
This Union, this, the church at first was made for ;
This Union, this, the church has ever sighed for ;
This Union, this, we pray thy spirits aid for ;
This Union, this, in patience we abide for ;
That God's own word may rule, and not tradition,
And reason make to God, not man, submission !

XXXIII.

But what is Popery's first great curse? The effects
On Christ's religion of the creed of Trent.
The creed of Trent! There's no such thing: the sects
Were censured; the Reformer burnt; when bent
On his own power, the existing Pope directs
The gathering the false doctrines we lament
In one long creed—the fatal usurpation,
The one great barrier to all Reformation.

XXXIV.

The Trentine Fathers were too wise to break
The law of Ephesus, which had decreed
That none in future ages, for the sake
Of ending controversies, frame a creed
Additional to that of Nice; but take
That, only as enough for every need
Of all the church: sufficient to combine all
Doctrines, and scriptural facts, full, fixed, and final.

XXXV.

Rome ruled it otherwise: and time would fail
To tell how step by step, in slow progression,
The masters of the Vatican prevail
To wield the crozier, through their long succession,
Above the lords and priests of earth—the tale
Of centuries! till Trent and the aggression
Moving contempt, or mirth, or melancholy
In our own day, of insolence and folly.

XXXVI.

By ceaseless perseverance, right or wrong.

By clinging to all laws, when once enacted—
Now flattering despots, now the rabble throng :
Still claiming ever, homage once exacted ;
Frightening the weak, and conquering the strong—
No law, no doctrine, no decree retracted,—
Rome wearied out the saints of God ; and still
Swears to subdue them to its changeless will.

XXXVII.

“ Still to new heights its restless wishes ” rise
O'er conscience, souls, and thought, it waves its pinion ;
It plants its flexile lever on the skies,
And thus at pleasure rules the earth. Opinion,
Faith, truth, and science with its mysteries
And ceaseless step, must bend to Rome's dominion.
Earth's self must move no more as God commands it ;
And Newton stand condemned, for Rome demands it.

XXXVIII.

The Protestant christian feeling is the star,
The polar star of England, in such night
Of ignorance ; the beacon in this war
Between the thick, gross darkness, and the light—
The standard to the nations from afar,
Till Thou shalt come in Thy predicted might—
Lamb of the living God, triumphant, glorious—
Earth's king, o'er sin and Rome itself, victorious.

XXXIX.

But to Rome's creed and canon.—I believe
 All Apostolic Constitutions. Where,
And what are these? There are none, if we leave
 Paul's apostolic letters ; for the care
Of all the churches fell on him. We cleave
 To scriptural constitutions : we declare
The pure church government, by which we rule,
Is gathered from the Apostle's primal school.

XL.

There's not one line in all such old tradition
 That is not doubtful, forged, or false, or spurious ;
Nor undeserving of their just suspicion,
 From all the learn'd, the critical, or curious.
Customs were changed to canons—then ambition
 Changed canons into laws : and next, the furious
Though Christian Emperors, in their own high places,
Laid, of Rome's power, the basis of the basis.

XLI.

As merchants raised from virtuous poverty
 By honourable toil to an estate,
Rush to the Heralds for a pedigree
 To rank them with the noble and the great,
Identify their names with ancestry,
 And boast their titles more than wealth and state—
And claim descent from barons and crusaders,
Above the lineage of their brother traders—

XLII.

Just so it was with christian Rome : beginning
With humble faith ; and honorable praise
From all men, and from God's best servants winning,
It hastes its glorious armour to emblaze
With pomps of worldly heraldry ; till dinning
Earth with its claims and titles, it dismays
God's church—then names its legends, laws, pollutions,
The ancient, apostolic, constitutions.

XLIII.

I welcome Holy Scripture in that sense,
Its best interpreter, my Holy Mother
The Church has ever given, in defence
Of all its sacred truths, and in no other.
Three hundred learned folios condense
The Fathers, Latin, Syriac, Greek, and smother
All questioning : their unanimous consent
Is mine ; nor will I from their words dissent.

XLIV.

The Lord of Revelation is the Lord
Of all the external world : and both declare
This truth, this system, this unwritten word—
That scripture, heaven, and ocean, earth, and air,
Shall ever pour forth new discoveries—heard,
Seen, known, and understood by men, where'er
He lives ; nor can ten million Fathers' volumes
Exhaust God's wonders, in their densest columns.

XLV.

Yet this is Rome's next tenet, in the code
Of slavery. It commands man to account
His scriptural reasoning folly, in the road
Of earthly pilgrimage to Siloa's fount
Of living waters, and the blest abode
Of spirits perfected on Zion's mount ;
Unless his burthened soul its gospel gathers,
Not from God's word ; but these perplexing Fathers.

XLVI.

It is not true that scripture is received
Upon the church authority alone.
For the same reasons that the church believed
At first, and for no other, they are known
And welcomed, as the books, that ne'er deceived
Their readers, from the cottage to the throne.
Full proof without, or with the church is given,
That these blest pages teach the way to Heaven.

XLVII.

Mystical, Oriental, Jewish, Heathen,
The mud and mire, thro' which the stream of life
Flowed from the cross of Christ—their brows unwreathen
With chaplets from the schools of wordy strife ;
The gold, the dross, the gem, the paste bequeathen
By time's "huge dragnett" to the churches—rife
With rational, and foolish, lies, and truth,
Good witnesses to facts, bad guides to youth—

XLVIII.

"These are the Fathers." Now too much admired,
 And now too much despised ; we freely place them
 Among the writers by devotion fired—

Though not of certain wisdom. We embrace them
 As old friends, eloquent ; but not inspired.

We will not spurn, insult them, nor debase them ;
 But never place them on the Holier lists,
 With prophets, Paul, nor God's evangelists.

XLIX.

On to the third law. Sacraments are seven
 (I write them in the order they are penned),
Baptism, onfirmation, and that Heaven
 On earth that links man's soul with God, his friend,
The Supper of the Lord. With *penance* blend
The final unction, orders, and the leaven
 Of all men's joys, and sorrows—*Marriage,*
 With laws, in all the seven, for priestly carriage.

L.

But here I pause : I will not tire my readers
 With proofs that sacraments are only two.
 All rest on definitions. The seceders
 From Rome, in common with the fathers, do,
 And will receive two only. They are pleaders
 For Christ's own words to authorise the view
 They take, that Christian birth and Christian food
 Spring from one source, the water and the blood.

LI.

What is a sacrament? An outward sign
Or deed—the token of an inward blessing
On faith, that leads the Christian to the shrine,
In loyalty to Christ's commands addressing
The universal church—the seal divine,
Of covenant 'tween God and man confessing
God's mercy on man's fallen soul, and giving
Life to that soul, then food to that soul living.

LII.

Christ's word alone creates a sacrament ;
Christ's word alone ordains it. Other mental
Or private worship, in the home-raised tent,
Or public worship in the church, tho' meant all,
To bless the spirits of the penitent,
Are still not sacraments, tho' sacramental.
As God bestows His blessing from on high,
In words of love, that teach us we must die.

LIII.

Yet one thing may surprise us. Though the priest
Or bishop, blessings and good-will pronounces
Thro' all the seven sacraments, on the least
Or greatest of His people ; he renounces
His own, one chief division, in that feast
Of mercy, and with six content, announces,
How long soever on the earth he tarry,
He may not, must not, will not, dare not, marry.

LIV.

Oh, miserable priesthood ! oh, forsaken
By wedded love ! that "loyal, just, and pure,"
Bids all the social charities awaken
From that best source, Home's sacred text, the sure
And holy fount of happiness, partaken
By prophets, priests and patriarchs, the cure
Of sorrow, the chief earthly bliss of all
From paradise, "that hath survived the fall."

LV.

Oh, miserable priesthood ! why, disdain
This truth—that God no service uncommanded
By God himself, accepts from man, but chaining
The heart to useless vows, will ye be branded
As profligates in vice, though virtue feigning ?
And 'gainst the peace of homes and husbands banded.
Shake off this yoke ! the unnatural ban remove,
And claim man's birthright—pure and wedded love.

LVI.

One thought to all men, anxious terror, must,
And will produce, the law we next arrive at.
How shall vain man, by God be counted just,
How reach that Heaven, religion, reason, strive at ?
This so-called creed of Trent destroys man's trust
In clouds of words, whose sense in vain we dive at :
Confounding God's, the acquitting judge's sentence,
With man's, the acquitted criminal's repentance.

LVII.

To justify, denotes God's act above ;
 To sanctify, denotes God's act below—
 By faith (the principle, combining love
 And holy duty)—terror, sin and woe
 Flee from the soul. Christ is the cause ; the dove
 Of Heaven, the agent, teaching us to know
 Peace, praise, hope, joy ; inspiring us with the breath
 Of prayer ; and fitness both for Heaven and death.

LVIII.

But this is not a subject fit for verse ;
 I take my shoes off on this holy ground :
 Exclaiming still—God of the universe !
 Save us from papal teachers, who confound
 The faith of God with man's commands ; averse
 To this plain, simple, holy truth—the ground
 Of all man's hope, in every christian nation :
 Faith is work's root, and source of man's salvation.

LIX.

What is the next law ? Transubstantiation,
 The mass, and half communion ! If believers
 In Christ declare, their hopes of Christ's salvation
 Depend on this—that they are the receivers
 Of this strange faith ; the change and the translation
 Of bread and wine, to flesh and blood—deceivers
 By miracle ; of all the evidence
 That man deduces from each several sense—

LX.

If they believe that Christ in His own hands
Held his own body, when he took the bread
And brake it ; giving His divine commands—
Do this in memory of your living head ;
This is my body, this my blood—the bands
To bind my followers, when my blood is shed—
If they believe the very mouth which spake
Was eaten, and the very hand which brake

LXI.

That bread was eaten with it too, and then,
The bread ceased to be bread, the wine—the wine ;
And both became beyond the thoughts of men,
One union of the human and divine ;
Within, before them, and about them, when
The sacred words were spoken—if mine, thine,
And all men's hope, depend on their adherence
To this, without their reason's interference—

LXII.

If they believe that where in every place
The holy feast is eaten ; there Christ's presence
In body and in spirit, and in grace,
Rests on ten thousand altars ; while the essence
Of bread is changed, into the Lord of Space,
And time, and earth, and heaven—if acquiescence
In such faith be the only bond of union
To all believers in one church communion—

LXIII.

If they believe Christ's body, soul, and blood,
 With Christ's divinity, are all contracted,
 Then eaten in that bread ; the soul's pure food,
 The emblem of the covenant transacted
 Between the soul and God, and understood
 By faith, in memory of the scene enacted,
 Before the mournful treason of his friend,
 And of His coming, when all time shall end—

LXIV.

If they believe a thousand more confusions
 Of body, spirit, God, man, space, and time ;
 To which I have not leisure for allusions,
 Much less descriptions in my humble rhyme—
 If they believe sincerely these conclusions
 To be essential to high hopes sublime—
 I and my brethren have no right to shame them
 For mere opinion ; nor to sneer and blame them.

LXV.

But this is not the question we would urge
 On this sad point of Transubstantiation :
 Rome had resolved all consciences to immerge
 Beneath her sway, in every church and nation ;
 And this became the test, the rod, the scourge,
 To strengthen and extend her usurpation.
 This doctrine granted, vain is all endeavour,
 Man's burthened soul from Rome's stern yoke to sever.

LXVI.

No Popery! This Faith became the fetter
To bind the dying martyr to the stake.
This filled the dungeon. This became the letter
Of fierce command, that bade the murderer shake
His crimsoned steel—made pious zeal the abettor
Of crime, and made the Christian world to quake
With misery and trembling, fear, and terror,
Because it deemed ambitious priests in error.

LXVII.

So will it ever, ever be. The tendency
Of all Rome's clamour is not toleration,
Nor mere equality; but fierce ascendancy,
With power to punish thought with acclamation
And shouts of triumph, till to base dependancy
On its dread will, it grind down Church, State, nation.
This is its calm, fixed, stedfast resolution,
And this denied—all else is persecution.

LXVIII.

Sir! may I kick you? No! I'll not permit it.
Then, Sir! you persecute me. The refusal
To let me kick you, is, I'll not forget it,
Most cruel persecution. So to use all
Our gentlest care against Rome's Church, we fit it—
To clamour, threaten, bully, and abuse all.
This may seem ludicrous. It is the sum
Of all Rome's prayers—past, present, and to come.

LXIX.

The Transubstantiation error rose

From man's mistaking God's own plan to teach
Peace to his friends, and sorrow to his foes.

Types, figures, metaphors, and emblems preach ;
In nature and in scripture, joys, and woes,

In every tongue the universal speech.
And God's own word, its mystic truth dispenses,
In terms and language borrowed from the senses.

LXX.

Christ is a door—but not wood, paint, nor hinges ;

Christ is a tree—but not leaves, trunk, and flowers ;

Christ is a tent—but not hooks, curtains, fringes ;

Christ is the dew—but not drops, water, showers ;

Christ is a servant—but not bows, smiles, cringes ;

Christ is a fortress—but not banks, moats, towers ;

Christ is a rock—not mica, felspar, granite ;

Christ is the morning star—but not a planet.

LXXI.

The portrait of a man is not the man

Himself. The maps we call the land and ocean ;
And continents from England to Japan

Are not the earth itself—just so devotion,
And all redemption's wise, and wondrous plan,

Christ's death, *Christ's* love, and all the deep emotion,
Woke in the heart, by figure, type, and sign,
Are set forth ; imaged in the bread and wine.

LXXII.

But on. The next is *purgatory*—and prayers,
Prayers of the living for the suffering dead ;
Purchased by money, of surviving heirs,
Wives, children, kindred friends ; the meat, the bread
Of bishops, priests, and convents ; the best wares
Of crafty, merchandising Rome ! the dread
Of the poor child, when filial affection,
In grief and tears, demands the most protection.

LXXIII.

What is this doctrine ? Christ is not sufficient
To save the soul that trusts Him, till that soul,
By nameless torments, makes up the deficient
Atonement of its Saviour. Then, the whole
Of God's law satisfied, Christ is efficient
To lead the sinner to the heavenly goal ;
From shortened pangs, and briefer pain released,
Not by Christ's blood, but money to the priest.

LXXIV.

Oh, blasphemous absurdity ! How long,
God of the Christian world, wilt thou permit
Thy simulating priests to do this wrong,
And give back death his triumph—to admit,
When the priest pleases, to the angelic throng,
The soul that trusts thee, for the benefit
Of these same priests ; of orphans gold the gorgers,
The death-bed harpies, and the false will forgers.

LXXV.

I speak of things of public notoriety,
Nor fictions, tales, nor scandals. We may learn all
The facts, that move contempt throughout society
In every monthly, weekly, daily journal—
They shook the courts of law from their propriety—
They made Rome's warmest advocates to turn all,
Or seem to turn their former admiration
Of Rome, to silence, dread, and consternation.

LXXVI.

On to the next. The ever blessed Virgin,
The Guardian Angel, and the Saints possess
The sacred power of blending, and of merging
Their own with Christ's Great office, and to bless
As lowlier Mediators, all, who urging
Their prayers to them, shall hope to find access
Thro' them to God. Once sinful, now forgiven,
They reign with Christ, the godlings of God's Heaven.

LXXVII.

Oh! wicked, vain, Idolatry! to share
With man the glorious brightness, the express
And perfect image of God's person, there
High in the heavens, where now he dwells, to bless
All who thro' him alone, with humble prayer
Approach; because Rome's church, in its excess
Of folly, passed a law, and will not break it,
That Christ share honour, with such saints as Beckett.

LXXVIII.

Oh ! useless, vain distinction, to defend
As lower worship, and inferior praise,
The homage to the Virgin, and saint—friend,
When both must be all present, to the lays
Hymn'd by their purblind worshippers, and bend
Their ears, if they can hear, from the bright blaze
Of heaven—and listen from that glorious throne,
As God himself can do, and God alone.

LXXIX.

Oh ! could the saints and Virgin be consulted—
Whether with joy man's praises they receive—
If they could know the crimes which have resulted
From honoring man as God—we may believe
That by the question, and the thought insulted,
They would exclaim in grief, if they can grieve,
Not as Rome's church decrees, but as God's word—
Oh ! magnify not us, but Christ the Lord.

LXXX.

But on. Of relics, images, and tales
Of clashing councils, and of monkish fictions ;
Of cures effected by dead bones, legs, nails,
Or true Cross fragments, and the contradictions
Of saints' heads multiplied, and long details
Of pious frauds, and all their proved convictions
Of utter trash, I pass each sickening story,—
They shame alike, Faith's reasoning and God's glory.

LXXXI.

Bnt what is next? *Indulgences!* The word,
That called high-minded Luther from his cell
To shake wide Europe, and make Rome abhorr'd
By all who hoped the Heaven, or feared the hell,
Or loved the God, of Scripture—sole record,
Against the Romist and the Infidel,
To priests, and states, to manhood, age, and youth,
In all these questions of eternal truth.

LXXXII.

Oh! will Rome never learn, and never change,
Until a second deluge from on high
Consign it to destruction? Still estrange
From its deceived Communion all who fly
From mediæval falsehoods endless range
Of “strong delusions?” and still dignify
Its groundless claims and swelling words of vanity,
As Christ’s pure Faith, and scriptural Christianity?

LXXXIII.

The Trentine Council, in its last, last hours
Of its last session, ere the fierce Lorraine,
Called on its mitred heads, to vent their showers
Of curses on all heresies profane—
Curses, 'neath which still papal Europe cowers
To close their labors, and secure Rome’s reign.
Passed the decree, in spite of the effulgences
Of Luther’s lightning, sanctioning indulgences.

LXXXIV.

Christ, it declared, has on his Church conferred
The power to loose, to bind, and to absolve
And grant indulgences. We by our word
Declare the custom useful. We resolve
That nothing in the Doctrine is absurd,
In spite of all abuses we devolve
That right on all the Priesthood, but commend
Due care and caution, in their use and end.

LXXXV.

Councils may change what councils have decreed,
Or they are worse than useless. One hope still
Remained, though faint and weak, that the misguided
And erring church, by God's mysterious will,
When the deserved, dense, clamour had subsided
Would of itself remove the long wrought ill,
Submit to be reformed, the past revise,
Repent, and change, and hate its heresies.

LXXXVI.

Alas! 'twas not to be so. Three short years
Had not elapsed, when (the packed synod ended)
Rome's chieftain prelate of the day uprears
His sceptre, (triple crown and crozier blended)—
Moved all but Christian Britain's hopes and fears—
Declared the council's doctrine had descended
From Christ; and bade that all who feel the need
And hope of Heaven, unite it to their creed.

LXXXVII.

This is the Doctrine. "Some saints having merit,

"More than required, to save their pardoned soul,

"Give up the surplus; which the priests inherit

"To deal it out by parcels, to console

"All penitents, who in the proper spirit

"Of true contrition, pay a monied toll

"O'er the strait bridge, connecting earth with Heaven,

"The sin committed, with the sin forgiven."

LXXXVIII.

Come! but with money! Come! But with a price.

Oh! ye that thirst and hunger for release

From all the future punishments of vice;

Come! buy the Church's pardon. Buy God's peace,

Buy back your banishment from Paradise!

Bid all your fears of future sorrow cease.

Release from hell and penance, we dispense,

Bring but enough of gold, pounds, shillings, pence.

LXXXIX.

Come to this store-house, treasury, and bank

Of merits. Come, buy cheaply, dispensations.

Come all, of every age, and every rank!

Here are indulgences for violations

Of all God's tenfold precepts; from one franc

Up to ten thousand. Here are commutations

Of vengeance, from God's justice: full concessions

Of punishments, from man's most foul transgressions.

XC.

One crime alone, we never can forgive :
One crime alone receives from Rome no pardon.
One crime alone, bestows no donative ;
One crime alone, we place the churches' guard on—
The crime of poverty. This cannot give
Us money ; and 'gainst this our hearts we harden.
To all the rich we open Heaven's bright door—
We only close it to the purseless poor.

XCI.

How long shall this be borne ? God, father, friend—
Pity Rome's groaning, struggling slaves ! Withdraw
Thy people from its priests and temples ! Blend
Thy mercy with thy justice ; when the war
Be over, and Rome's victims rise to read
The yoke that binds them to its blood-stained land.
This is my Christian prayer, abroad, at home—
My God ! unpoperize the Church of Rome.

XCII.

God of the spirits of all flesh ! We lift
Our hearts, in sorrow for Rome's sin, to Thee.
Giver of every good and perfect gift—
Pardon, remove, forgive its sin ; make free
Thy prisoners of hope. Give them to sift
The truth from error. Make the blind to see.
No more from Thee may the poor wanderers roam—
“ My God ! unpoperize the Church of Rome.”

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

I closed my Canto, with the twice-used prayer—
My God! Unpoperize the Church of Rome:
It was the same I offered at the Chair
So called, of Peter, in Saint Peter's dome.
For there was the Omnipotent: and there,
When in my wanderings past, I loved to roam,
Humbly I prayed, for the whole race of man;
And Rome itself—even in the Vatican.

II.

Yet how I loathed their foul idolatry,
And yearned to bless the people; and with longing,
Their souls with better knowledge to supply,
Than that their Priests afforded them, when wronging
Their own souls, and their peoples, they deny,
In His own House, the Holy Book belonging
As much to all men, as earth, water, fire
Or air, their birthright, blessing, and desire.

III.

But on, still on ! to the desired conclusion
Of the long code of Romish faith—the last
Of all its edicts ! where in wild profusion
The feudal oaths and priestly vows are massed
To uphold the mingled medley and confusion
Of laws, that bind the present to the past ;
When kings to priests, resigned their kingdoms' helm,
And pontiffs governed, tho' kings ruled, the realm.

IV.

“ I welcome as the mistress and the mother
Of all the churches, Rome, and Rome alone,
And not Jerusalem, nor any other.
I, to its holy bishop, see, and throne,
With all my guides, from Clement down to Gotther,
Promise a true obedience. I will own
Him as Christ's vicar ; of Christ's power possessor ;
Holy St. Peter's, holy, true successor.

V.

All things declared, delivered, and defined
By all the sacred canons, councils, Trent,
I welcome and profess. Whate'er they bind
Is bound,—whate'er they loose, is loosed. Assent
I give to all their doctrines. In heart, mind,
And soul, I curse, reject, condemn, as rent
From Christ, all who deny them. I pronounce them
All, as vile heretics who dare renounce them.

VI.

None can be saved without this faith ; and, therefore,
Here, by God's help, not only I embrace it
With my whole soul, as mine ; but all I care for,
All whom I love or influence, shall grace it,
By deed, or by profession ; or despair for
My love, or friendship, which shall ne'er debase it.
My friends shall tread the path that I have trod ;
So do I vow, so swear—so help me, God !"

VII.

Such are the statues, laws, and oaths, that bind
The living present with the dead, dead past ;
Checking the rightful progress of man's mind,
Thro' all their wearying code, from first to last.
Fettering alike the learned, the refined—
The popes themselves, kings, states, thro' all their vast
Assemblies, in the chains of death and sin
Of human force and human origin.

VIII.

Mezentius bound the living to the dead ;
The dead mouth to the living mouth. The hand,
Outstretched in life, to the dead hand. The head,
Filled with the crawling, coiling earthworms' band,
To the repelling cheek and face, that fled—
But fled in vain—the tyrant Tuscan's brand ;
Till in one mass of black corruption blended,
The slow, cold, loathsome death, his victim ended.

IX.

Just so it is with Papal Rome. It ties
The mouth of prayer to the dead saint. It binds
The outstretched hand, that seeks the holy prize
Of man's high calling ; it chains hearts and minds
To the dead mass of its cold heresies,
Stenching the churches' atmosphere. It blinds
The Christian eye—makes pale the Christian face,
And slays man's spirit by its dead embrace.

X.

But whence proceed the strange, the monstrous fiction,
The lie, the falsehood, the prodigious tale,
That Rome o'er all Christ's Church bears jurisdiction.
This is the source—the words of Christ, that fail
His Church shall never. This, this, true prediction,
That hell, and sin, and death shall not prevail
To quell God's Church, is made the false foundation,
Of Rome's unchristian, hateful usurpation.

XI.

Because the Saviour spake the word to Peter,
“ On this rock I will build my Church ”—the soul
Of man, says Rome, shall never be the entreater
Of God's best gifts ;—nor read the sacred scroll
Of God's own word—nor hope to become meet
To face his God in Heaven, till Rome's control
Is bowed to, and the conscience and the heart
Are sworn from Rome's Church never to depart.

XII.

When Christ, says Rome, to Peter spake the word—
“On this rock I will build my Church”—he gave
To Peter power, the sceptre, keys, and sword,
The full authority to damn or save
The souls of all—the churches’ earthly Lord—
And fix their destinies beyond the grave.
And every sentence, by the Apostle spoken,
Was ratified in Heaven, unmov’d, unbroken.

XIII.

The church of Rome succeeded to that power.
Its pontiff priest inherits it ; and I,
I, says the great usurper, at this hour
I only sacramental grace supply.
I am the rock, the only church, the tower,
Of strength and faith, to all who live and die ;
And if I rule the church and higher fates
Of men, I rule the less—kings, senates, states.

XIV.

Oh ! that the governments of earth would ponder
This strange perversion of the declaration—
“On this rock I will build my church ;” nor wander
From ancient faith to Rome’s interpretation ;
But trampling down the Papal error under
Their feet, with just and Christian indignation,
Build on the true Rock, Christ, and the confession
Of His blest servant, not on Rome’s succession.

XV.

Oh ! that the Imperial Senate and the masses
Would wake from the deep slumbers that beguile
Their souls to death, thro' all their ranks and classes—
Hear Rome's loud taunts and insults that revile
With hatred, that all other hate surpasses,
The church, the faith, the worship of the isle—
To God, to truth, to freedom, pledge their troth,
And mark Rome's pontiff creed, and pontiff oath.

XVI.

I shut, says Rome, or open Heaven ; I wear
Of Heaven and earth, and hell, the triple crown.
Less than a God, but more than man, I share
The diadem, the sceptre, and the throne
Of Christ—the Lord of all men. None shall dare
My deeds to judge, my statutes to disown ;
Or kings, or priests, or names of mortal birth,
Who hope for rest in Heaven, or peace on earth.

XVII.

I hold on earth the place of God, to stay
And prostrate every poisonous heresy.
In this all kings, all rulers, shall obey
My will as God's will. I ordain, decree
The bounds and the conditions of their sway,
And bend their crowns and sceptres down to me,
Till every state and nation love, or dread
The Church of Rome and me, its living head.

XVIII.

In plenitude of power, by right divine,
All councils, senates, parliaments, and meetings,
To frame, ordain, to change, and to refine
All human laws—their forms, discussions, greetings,
Conclusions, resolutions—all are mine !
If in their votes, debates, and oaths and greetings,
Rome is upheld—their laws men's souls may bind ;
If not, I hold them as the empty wind.

XIX.

As God and with God, I will rule, man's sole,
Man's only earthly lord. No toleration
Of error, the fools idol ; no vain scroll
Of written compromise—no limitation
Of briefly granted freedom, shall control
My power. I plant the lever of my station
On that world, where the monk lays up his treasure,
And move the empire of this world at pleasure.

XX.

No human law shall bind me. I decide
All contests, all opinions, all disputes.
I o'er all causes, all appeals preside—
My word, the cardinal and priest deposes
To leaven, agitate, perplex, and guide
The realms, where hatred of my name pollutes
Their people—till, worn out with wars at home,
They seek repose, and rest, and peace, from Rome.

XXI.

This is Rome's office—this Rome's mission : these,
The statutes of the God of Heaven, commanding
That all with humbled hearts and bended knees
Submit implicitly to Rome—that, branding
As foes to God, the foes to its decrees ;
And all its friends, in strict obedience banding,
Shall rule, till all what Rome receives, receiving—
What Rome believes, shall welcome with believing.

XXII.

This is Rome's destiny ! And shall the isles
Of one proud, northern empire be exempt
From this God-given dominion ? Shall the toils
Of ages be in vain ? Shall rude contempt
Of Rome, and plunder, revelling in the spoils
Of Rome, and spurning the best-planned attempt
To extirpate the world's heresiarch—still
Triumph above God's church, God's law, God's will ?

XXIII.

It must, it shall be conquered ; and this end
Shall sanctify all counsels, measures, means.
I will move Heaven, and earth, and hell, and blend
All motives, man from each of these convenes,
To tame and to subdue it. Foe and friend
To God, to man, to faith ; the vice that weans
From God, or hearts, by love of virtue, smitten—
I will employ them all to beat down Britain.

XXIV.

The hope of Heaven shall bring to me the pious ;
The dread of hell shall bring to me the vicious ;
The love of earth shall bring to me the bias
Of all the covetous and the ambitious ;
All things around, below, above us, nigh us—
All minds, the thoughtful, stedfast, and capricious—
Vice, virtue, truth, and falsehood, hope, and shame—
Shall serve me, and advance Rome's ends and aim.

XXV.

The apostate priest—Rome's friend, the dull tractarian,
The foreign foe, and the domestic Traitor—
The German reasonist, the presumptuous Arian,
The subtle democrat, the club debater,
The unnumbered, wild, and many-named sectarian,
The Deist, Infidel, schismatic prater
For Rome, by Rome, unconsciously united,
Hate thy proud church, and wish its glories blighted.

XXVI.

Shall all be vain ? The continent shall curse thee—
Floods of my Jesuit servants shall cajole thee—
Successful slander blacken and asperse thee—
My bishops, cardinals, and priests control thee—
Till ancient feuds and jealous hates coerce thee,
Thy church and State. With no friend to condole thee,
Beneath the foot of Rome, conquered thou must—
Conquered thou shalt be, even to the dust !

XXVII.

These are the oaths, the temper, the pretensions
Of the great head of the conspiracy,
Fomenting and abetting the dissensions
Of all the nations struggling to be free,
And trusting, from their varying contentions,
To bend them to the canonists' decree.
Whate'er we grant, think nothing done, Rome cries,
Till at our feet our British rival lies !

XXVIII.

Now turn we from the great conspirator
To read the vassal oath implied or taken
By all his slaves—htat king and emperor,
And human ties, shall ever be forsaken,
Nor private friend, nor pleading senator,
Shall in his watchful bosom ever waken
Affection to the heretic sway ; and never
Their hearts and souls, from Rome's dominion sever.

XXIX.

“ I swear by Him that made me, and redeemed me,
That every social human law which clashes
With canons, councils of Rome's church, which deemed me
Worthy of sonship, as mere dust and ashes.
All heretic enactments which blasphemed my
True church I hold but as the wave that dashes
On the firm rock. Amidst the storms of ocean,
My loyalty shall yield to my devotion.

XXX.

Canons of Felix, Hildebrand, and Pascal—
 Canons of Rome, and Lateran, and Trent—
 Canons and laws of ages past, that ask all
 Implicit faith, obedience, and consent ;
 Councils inspired, infallible, that task all
 Distrust, inquiries, doubtings, and dissent,
 I welcome ; nor will cease such approbation
 For human laws and earthly legislation—

XXXI.

Councils and canons, sanctioning revolution ;
 Councils and canons, sanctioning submission ;
 Councils and canons, sanctioning absolution
 From oaths of kings, or people, or commission
 Of just severity, called persecution
 By fools or schismatics—my chief ambition
 Shall ever be to strengthen and to prove all,
 If holy Rome shall honour and approve all.

XXXII.

Our truckling foes may talk of toleration—
 Repeal their fierce or silly laws, and blatter
 Of tender consciences, emancipation ;
 Or places in their parliaments, and chatter
 Their nonsense on our true conciliation.
 Whether they persecute, or feign, or flatter—
 Rome shall have all things back, and never rest
 Till of all crowns, realms, churches, repossess.

XXXIII.

Unchanged, unchangeable Rome—only Rome,
And not my country's laws, shall guide my course.
Our Oxford friend, the Saviour's holy home
Hath called it. War, nor peace, nor craft, nor force,
Shall guide my footsteps from that church to roam,
Nor from that bride my loving soul divorce.
My Queen, my country, church, and state may perish—
Rome, and its priesthood, I obey and cherish."

XXXIV.

This is the vassal's oath : and history's pages,
True as an ancient almanack, which tells
How in the summer-heat the dog-star rages,
Or icy cold in winter ever dwells
With frost and snow—the effect in by-gone ages
Relates of all the oaths, and vows, and spells
Of Rome, and bids all states, from first to last,
To guide the future by the instructive past.

XXXV.

I could relate the wars and desolations,
The savage massacres, the wild confusions,
The civil broils, the ceaseless agitations,
The cruel martyrdoms, the unjust diffusions
Of monks and executioners, thro' nations
Famed only for their fanciful effusions
Of sweet and peaceful poetry, and arts
That charmed all listeners, and refined all hearts.

XXXVI.

I could relate the tale of kings deposed
And punished at the altar's sacred base
With whips and scourges by foul monks, who glozed,
Exulting at their sovereign's disgrace—
Of monarchs in the cloister walls enclosed
To give the favorite of the priests their place—
The secret information and the private
Arrests and dungeonings, the priests connive at.

XXXVII.

I could relate the hell-born code, that slowly
Formed the tribunal of that inquisition
With loathsome piety, surnamed the holy—
Where sighs and groans were crimes that need contrition ;
Where frequent torture aimed, in vain, the lowly,
But Romeless faith, to humble—where petition
For mercy on pain, faintings, pangs, and tears,
Was met with insult, laughter, scoffs, and jeers.

XXXVIII.

I could relate the long and sad succession
Of withered victims, from the prison door,
To the black stake, whose crime, was the confession,
That Christ alone, and not the priest, had power
To pardon and forgive ;—the thronged procession,
In Oxford, London, Lisbon, Spain, and Goa,
Of martyrs to the same great truths, revealed
In God's own word—by God's own Spirit sealed.

XXXIX.

The close confessional, the imprisoned nun,
The nauseous questionings, the capricious penance,
The indecent discipline, which pure minds shun
To ponder, laid upon the cloistered tenants
With nameless actions, which the blushing sun
Ne'er looks on. These are all the flags and pennants
Of Rome's proud fleets, expanded and unfurled
In pirate triumph o'er the sleeping world.

XL.

More I could mention ; but I take for granted,
The histories of the Tudors and the Stuarts,
Of Nassau, Hanover, cannot be wanted
To rouse the loyalty of all the true hearts,
Who love the church our fathers have implanted
By blood, and toil, and tears, and no undue arts,
Before that dynasty, whom God preserve—
Our church, state, realm, to govern, save, and serve.

XLI.

We vow the vow, we pray the solemn prayer,
Our fathers vowed and prayed, with every changer
Of dynasty, to whom they gave the care
Of their great empire—Scotch, Dutch, German, stranger,
Home-born or foreigner, or native heir.
This was their heartfelt cry thro' every danger—
No Popery ! And till our dying hours,
Grant, God of Scripture ! grant, that cry be ours !

XLII.

Thy Providence hath made our honoured nation
The *Canaan* and the Israel of mankind ;
That freedom, useful laws, and revelation—
Man's threefold blessings, may, by us combined,
To all be granted, 'midst loud acclamation
Of heathen, Romist, Infidel refined
From all their errors, in the latter days,
To man's best happiness and God's best praise.

XLIII.

Oh, let us not go back ! save us from falling
From usefulness, from duty and from Thee—
To wear again that ancient yoke so galling,
Of falsehood, and of foreign Papistry.
The time has come, when to its old enthralling
We must submit, and never more be free.
Or conquering, and to conquer, still progress,
Till thine own sceptre, earth's fallen empire bless.

XLIV.

Hasten the day, when, in thy triumph, winning,
The blood-bought kingdom of earth's kingdoms—Thou,
Accomplishing the prophecies beginning
The record of thy government, shall bow
All hearts to thee—till error, tears, and sinning,
Fade from thy world ; and this be man's one vow—
Great bruiser of the Serpent's head, to love thee,
And know no Saviour with thee, nor above thee.

XLV.

For this—that man be blessed and God be praised ;
For this—that thy Great Kingdom be extended ;
That knees to Thee be bent, and hands be raised,
And the long reign of idol error ended.
We pray that Rome's proud fortress be erased
In love, and not in hate, to all descended
From one fallen parent ; Father, we implore thee,
Send forth thy truth till all mankind adore thee !

XLVI.

For this, we pray Thee, sanctify our fame,
Our influence, merchant princedom, wealth and laws ;
Make us Thy humble instruments, Thy name
To honour, and extend Thy Church, Thy cause.
Thine arm hath made us great—make this our aim,
Not conquest, wealth, ambition, nor applause,
But usefulness and goodness—as the leaven
Of a fallen world, blessed both by man and Heaven.

LXVII.

For this, we vow this sacred vow. By all
Our duty to the living God who made us—
By Him whose blood redeemed us from the fall,
By that good spirit, whose power alone can aid us—
We drink no more the wormwood and the gall
Of the apostate church, which once betrayed us ;
Nor holy hatred of its idols cease,
Nor sacrifice God's faith to hopes of peace !

XLVIII.

Till Rome shall perish as the Babylon,
Denounced by Him who saw the Apocalypse,
And a saved remnant be a Church begun,
Our God to serve, with holier hands and lips—
Or till Rome's church, from all its errors won,
Changing and changed by God's blest spirit, strips
The scarlet mantle from its harlot frame,
And weep, o'er all its crimes, with tears of shame—

XLIX.

Till judgment, mixed with mercy, thus be blended
To curse or bless, to change or to destroy—
Till the dread mystery of God be ended,
With those loud shouts of triumph and of joy ;
In vision heard, when Patmos' seer ascended
Up to the Heaven of Heavens, and marked the employ
Of the Redeemed from every clime and tongue,
And heard the song which round that temple rung—

L.

Aye, till that day—unless that Rome shall alter
Its errors, weakness, crimes, and proud ambition—
The Israel of Israel shall not falter,
Its scriptural, just, demanded opposition
To creeds, that desecrate each throne and altar ;
Nor cease their oath, vow, watching, and petition.
Prosper our bounden duty, acts, and words,
Head of the church, kings' King, and Lord of Lords!

LI.

By all our hopes to benefit our race ;

By all our trust that God would grant the favour—
The glory, and the honour, and the grace

To make this realm the strength, the hope, the savour
Of life to life, in the world's latter days,

To all mankind,—the sacred, holy laver
Of that regenerating power predicted
To cleanse the earth, with care and crime afflicted—

LII.

By all our hope and trust of handing down,

Safe to our children's children, this great blessing—
The church united to the state and crown,

To scripture and the people ; and addressing
The court, camp, senate, field, and mart, and town—

Appealing to the conscience—but professing
No priestcraft right to rule the will and reason,
But humbly labouring in its place and season—

LIII.

By all our hope and trust of still preserving

Our anti-papal monarchy, the gem
Of all earth's monarchies, which, never swerving
From its pure faith, still keeps the diadem
And crown, the people gave it ; and, still nerving,

The head and heart, is made the root and stem
Of Christian loyalty, and patriot daring,
Of thankful piety, and manly bearing—

LIV.

By all our hope and trust of still securing
The open Bible, and the useful mission—
The unfettered press—the undisturbed abjuring
Of foreign influence, priestcraft, and tradition ;
The legal toleration, and the enduring
Simplicity of praise, and of petition
From earliest churches of God's church selected,
The unscriptural prayer and praise alone rejected—

LV.

By all our hope and trust of still retaining
These mercies of our God, " No Popery "
Shall be our shout and symbol for maintaining,
In zeal and love, in hope and charity,
Our faith and freedom—this vile lie disdaining—
That our loud shout is party bigotry.
No Popery ! For this, our fathers sighed—
Our noblest patriots bled—our martyrs died.

LVI.

No Popery ! and here my humble strain,
The same at the beginning and the end,
I terminate : and if it be there deign
One advocate, admirer, votary, friend,
Of Rome—who, conscious of its heavy chain,—
Its anxious, thoughtful, weary eye shall bend
On this, or other charge, and accusation,
Or mild appeal, or fierce expostulation—

LVII.

If there shall be one meditative ponderer
Of the world's history's impartial page,
If there shall be one meditative wanderer
Through countries where Rome's crimes all thoughts engage.
If there shall be one meditative wonderer
At those who this perpetual warfare wage—
At those who, from God's word, with patient search,
Predict the fall of Rome's demented church—

LVIII.

If, as the student of the past and present,
He seek the cause of Christian England's hate
Of Rome and Popery, by peer and peasant,
And every class of men in church and state—
With mind unprejudiced, and acquiescent—
In evidence admitting no debate ;
To truth affording no mean, base resistance,
From falsehood seeking no mean, base assistance—

LIX.

If such a votary of Rome there be,
Just, candid, liberal, doubting, and deserving
From bigotry and faction to be free ;
God's truth, God's own given truth, alone requiring—
I do adjure that soul by every plea
Appealing to the conscience of the inquiring,
That from all mental slavery released
And freed from trammels of his Jesuit priest—

LX.

He boldly judge, by God's own scripture guided,
Though still no other source of truth disowning—
But in all questions by God's word decided,
The meaning, and the extent of the atoning
And sanctifying faith, which has provided,
And still provides, peace, pardon, for the groaning
And burthened soul, from God the soul's creator,
Without a priestly, human mediator.

LXI.

There let him learn the priest is the beseecher
Of man, by all God's mercies, man's guide, tutor,
Interpreter, companion, father, teacher,—
The sacraments' administrer, the soul's suitor
For Christ,—its bridegroom, messenger, and preacher
Of promised peace and pardon—man's saluter,
In words from Heaven, to speak the truth in love
To man on earth, from God in Heaven above—

LXII.

There let him learn that while the priest all these
Magnificent and holy titles bears,
The priest is not the atoning lamb to appease
The Almighty by his sufferings for the heirs
Of Heaven, nor seller of that God's decrees—
With one great truth entrusted, he declares
That consciences to God, not priests, submitted,
Man's soul is to man's self, in Christ committed.

LXIII.

And when the votary of Rome shall learn
This truth, I would implore him to compare
England with Italy—the men who spurn
The apostates' and impostors' yoke, and wear
Their robes of freedom ; with the men who turn,
Contented with Rome's bondage, net, and snare ;
And mark how certainly in every region,
Peace, freedom, law, dwell most with true religion.

LXIV.

Death of the night, and life of rising day,
Girt with its glittering planets, and dispensing
To every nation, people, tongue, the ray
Of its blest influence ; from its commencing
The morning, until evening close its sway,
High o'er the storms of earth their rage condensing,
The glorious sun shines on, and tells the story
To man, of man's Creator's love and glory.

LXV.

Such hath the Lord of nations made us. Death
To priestcraft's despot midnight ; but the life
And light, to every people that hath breath.
Girt with our kingdom colonies, and rife
With blessings to all tribes, our sway beneath,
By foreign tempests and by party strife
Alike unmoved—we shine earth's midday sun,
To know no setting till our race be run.

LXVI.

Oh ! worship with your noble countrymen !
Are they less learned, less holy, or less wise,
Less honest, than the Jesuit denizen
Of Naples, Spain, or France ; or his allies,
The priests of Rome and Italy ? with pen
Tongue, knowledge, power, less able to advise
Themselves and others, by long, deep researches
On all the questions of their rival churches.

LXVII.

Are England's sons less able to enquire,
Unprejudiced, or thoughtful, or sincere ;
Less anxious, or less earnest to desire
That comfort, which the hours of death may cheer,
Than cardinal, acolyte, or monk, or friar,
Self-scourging saint, or anchorite austere ?
Are they less framed, 'mong students, for the alliance
Of learning, knowledge of God's word and science ?

LXVIII.

It is not true, that gospel light first beamed
From Bullen's eyes. God's churches' mournful history
Tells how Rome's slowly rising lie blasphemed
The early truth, iniquity's mystery ;
And how, tho' still resisted, still it streamed
Above God's church ; till Trent's consistory
Worshipped the meteor as the churches' light,
And not the pledge of its enduring night.

LXIX.

Oh ! join your noble countrymen ! Before
Our Holy Saviour's altar let us kneel !
Forsake that church, which swears, and ever swore,
Destruction to the laws and form of weal,
By which our people and our church restore
The earlier faith. Oh ! learn to know and feel
That happiness to souls, in age and youth, ;
Which blends in one, peace, freedom, reason, truth !

LXX.

Forsake the Church, as we have done, which never
Emancipates its children from the yoke
Of infancy, to bid them think and sever
The true, and false, the ivy and the oak ;
Nor venture to deliberate ; but ever
To human laws, which once their priesthood spoke,
Submissive as the infant, leave the soul,
Unreasoning, silent, to the priests' control.

LXXI.

Be jealous for your noble land. Forsake
Its ancient, ceaseless, restless, active foe ;
Contrast the unprogressive minds which wake
Contempt among all reasoners, and o'erthrow
God's first great law ; that man shall ever make
Progression to his Heaven, from earth below—
Higher and higher, by his faith ascending,
By knowledge ever new and never ending.

LXXII.

With such inferior, stunted, drivelling souls,
Contrast the world, and church-improving spirits,
The glittering constellations round the poles
Of truth, which England's firmament inherits—
Which history's past and present page unrolls—
Each shining by his own recorded merits,
Still learning, but still teaching, still progressing,
Earth's ever new, earth's never-ending blessing.

LXXIII.

No Popery! It is the holy cry
Of Christian faith, that fearing the suppression
Of scriptural light, resolves to live or die,
Resisting every unjust concession
To papal Rome; and zealous to defie
The power, that step by step, with slow aggression,
Threatens his church; till God the clouds disperse,
Bestow his blessing, and remove the curse!

LXXIV.

No Popery! It is the anxious prayer
Of all who, trembling for the endangered ark,
From public haunts and gathering crowds forbear,
In solitude, and secresy, the dark
And threatening feud, with sorrow and despair,
And silent agony of soul, to mark:
And clasping there their master's garment's hem,
Pray for the peace of Christ's Jerusalem.

LXXV.

No Popery! It is the patriot vow—

That never shall this people, state, and land,
Again, before Rome's hateful footstool bow,

Nor yield to that united traitorous band
That now in this instructed age, ev'n now,

With loud, rude threats, and insolent demand,
Claims as its own the senate, church, and helm
Of state, our conscience, government, and realm.

LXXVI.

No Popery! It is the loyal oath

Of true allegiance to the anointed Queen,
Who pledging to the Christian land her troth,

To steer our fathers' ancient course, between
The schismatic and papist, grants to both

Peace and protection ; while the golden mean
Of truth—God's true religion—still preserving
All hearts as hers, with no disloyal swerving.

LXXVII.

No Popery! It is the people's shout,

From hill and vale, from city, field, mart, ocean,
From friends of legal liberty throughout

The realm, who know and honor the devotion
Of their young Queen, to truth's great cause, without

All compromise with Popery ; or promotion
Of that intolerable creed of Rome,
The doing evil, that more good may come.

LXXVIII.

No Popery ! It is the resolution
Of every Christian Protestant who fears
His God ; and loves the glorious revolution
With that resulting system, which endears
And will endear, until its dissolution
By weakness, force, or fraud, or length of years,
The monarchy to Britain !—God, and friend,
Save, save ! oh, save it, till Thy world shall end !

LXXIX.

No Popery ! It is the Christian's union,
In one short phrase, of faith and anxious prayer,
And patriot vows, and oaths of strict communion
Of all who make God's word and Church their care.
It is the cry of hatred to disunion
Between the Cæsar and the God, who share,
Each in their several place, and several season,
The homage of the will, and faith, and reason.

LXXX.

No Popery ! And now, God, Friend, and Father,
Who brought'st our fathers out from the dominion
Of Rome, and all its bondage ; and hadst rather
Their sons from each false creed and false opinion,
Return and live—change Rome, before Thou scathe her
With prophesied destruction on each minion
That owns the sway of Babylon's proud city ;—
Change that false church, in mercy and in pity !

LXXXI.

Thy kingdom come! Thy will be done! Remove

Now, when its crimes are greatest, every bar
The apostate builds to part him from Thy love!

Change the unchangeable! End Thou the war
Of sin on earth below, with Heaven above!

Scatter the darkness, bright and morning star!
Son of the most High God, ascend Thy throne,
And make the kingdom of the earth Thine own!

THE END.

N O T E.

To write notes on all the subjects alluded to in these stanzas would extend the work to great length. It has, however, been thought advisable to give one note, the Transcript of the Creed—not of Trent—as it is generally called,—but the creed imposed on the Church by Pope Pius, without the authority either of the Council of Trent, or of any other council.

THE ARTICLES OF THE CREED OF POPE PIUS IV.

1. "I most steadfastly admit and embrace the Apostolic and Ecclesiastical traditions with the rest of the constitutions and observations of the Church.

2. "I do also receive the Holy Scriptures according to that sense which the Holy Mother Church (to whom it belongs to judge of the true sense and interpretations of the Holy Scripture) did and doth hold it, nor will I ever take and interpret it otherwise than according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers.

3. "I do also profess that there are properly seven sacraments of the new law, instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, and necessary to the salvation of mankind, although all the sacraments are not necessary to every person—viz., Baptism, Confirmation, the Lord's Supper, Penance, Extreme Unction, Orders, and Matrimony. All which do confer grace, and whereof Baptism, Confirmation, and Orders cannot be repeated without sacrilege. I do also receive and admit all the received and ap-

proved rites of the Catholic Church in the solemn administration of the aforesaid sacraments.

4. "All and everything that was declared and defined about original sin and justification, by the most holy Council of Trent, I embrace and receive.

5. "I do profess, also, that in the Mass is offered to God a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the quick and dead, and that in the most holy Sacrament of the Eucharist there is really and substantially the Body and Blood, together with the Soul and Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that there is a conversion of the whole substance of the Bread into his Body, and of the whole substance of the Wine into his Blood. Which conversion the Catholic Church calls Transubstantiation.

6. "I do also profess that under either kind or species only, the whole and entire Christ and the true Sacrament is received.

7. "I steadfastly believe that there is a Purgatory, and that the souls detained therein are helped by the prayers of the Faithful.

8. "I do also believe that the Saints who reign with Christ are to be worshipped and prayed unto, and that they do pray for us, and that their relics are to be venerated.

9. "I most sincerely assert that the images of Christ and of the Mother of God, who was always a virgin, and of none other saints, are to be had and retained, and that due honour and worship is to be given to them.

10. "I do also affirm that the power of indulgences was left by Christ to His Church, and that the use of them is very helpful to Christian people.

11. "I acknowledge the Holy Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church to be the Mother and Mistress of all churches; and I promise and swear true obedience to the Pope of Rome, who is the successor of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

12. "I do also, without doubt, receive and profess all other things delivered, declared, and defined by all the sacred Canons

and Œcumenical Councils, and especially by the Holy Council of Trent. And all things contrary to them, with all heresies, whatsoever condemned, rejected, and cursed, I likewise condemn, reject, and curse.

“This true Catholic Faith, without which no man can be saved, which at this time I freely profess and truly embrace, I will be careful (by the help of God) that the same be retained and firmly professed, whole and inviolate, as long as I live; and that as much as in me lies, that it be held, taught, and preached by those under my power and by such as I shall have charge over in my profession—I, the said W—, promise, vow, and swear: So help me God, and these his Holy Gospels.”

